

# THE COLLEGIAN

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*St. Joseph's College*

COLLEGEVILLE INDIANA



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# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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Collegeville, Indiana

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## SPRING

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O Spring, thou messenger of joy,  
That doth appear so blithe and free,  
From sleep awake the primrose coy;  
Fill hearts of birds with song and glee.

O waft thy perfume o'er the lea;  
Bring back with thee sweet jessamine;  
The murmur'ring brook and honeybee,  
And gems of dew for leaf and vine.

Thou season gay with light and love,  
With mirth and cheer fill every mind;  
Bring brightest smiles from skies above  
And make this world look fair and kind.

On cloud and sky shed light serene;  
Call fragrant buds of thyme to life;  
Make daisies dance upon the green  
In tune to Pan's melod'ous fife.

M. M. Dreiling '30

## *SCHUBERT AND SONG*

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Schubert and song! How incongruous would it not seem if Schubert were primarily associated with some other form of music. That fame came to him in other fields is all very true, but in the minds of men, Schubert is above all remembered as the author of those inspiring melodies which enkindle every emotion known to the human heart. His entire being was like an Aeolian lyre over which external and internal impressions were unceasingly wafted by varying winds of feeling which moved it by their motion to an ever-changing melody. Song, therefore, by necessity came to be the lifelong subject of this renowned master.

Like so many sparkling gems, Schubert's tuneful lyrics constitute a unique and precious bequest to music. They are fascinating in form and, as it were, constitute an ingenious fresco to the stately edifice of musical art. Similar to the symphonies and sonatas of Beethoven, the operas of Mozart, and the oratorios of Handel, the lyric melodies of Schubert stand alone in a separate class, distinct in formation and effect, yet of equal intrinsic value. They seem to be struck from the strings of the silver lute that, as Washington Irving relates, was left as a token of gratitude to the Rose of the Alhambra by the shade of a Moorish princess.

Possessing a rare faculty to combine pleasurable sensations into harmonious patterns Schubert definitely made of himself a tone-poet of unsurpassed excellence. He produces an enchanting strain in which every inflection of tone, every shade of feeling will reflect an exact relation to some antitype of pleasurable sensation which people have experienced in their

lives. Like a musical note trembling in the air until gradually, as its force is spent, it fades away, so in like manner the strain awakened by Schubert produces in the mind of the listener a lingering melody at which the ear vainly catches as if loath to let it die. His imagination combined words and sounds into musical cadences that, as Carlyle observes, discover their like only in the speech and song of angels.

A remarkable mental shrewdness in Schubert enabled him by sheer innate ability to detect music in literature. A gleeful ballad, a mournful dirge, a sprightly sonnet in his resourceful mind quickly found its complement in a suitable and harmonious setting. It is told that upon reading Goethe's "Der Erl Koenig", he grew wild with enthusiasm and, at the first opportunity, jotted down the impulses of his heart. On another occasion, while sitting in a beer garden, he was handed a volume of Shakespeare. Leisurely leafing through its pages, he suddenly halted at the little poem, "Hark, Hark, the Lark". "Such lovely music comes to my head", he was heard to say, "if only I had some paper to write it down." A waiter offered him a menu card, and on it, amid the gayety and confusion of the beer garden, Schubert composed the inimitable lyric, "Hark, Hark, the Lark".

Literature opened worlds of opportunities to this extraordinary genius, and he used it as the chief medium to give expression to the melodious inspirations that engrossed his emotions. The reputation of a profound literary scholar he does not possess, yet there is something akin to the divine in his setting of some of Goethe's lyrics. Here personal emotion is no longer present alone, but it unites with action so that a dramatic force results which is touchingly beautiful and is clothed in such an adroit

expression that every shade of feeling and every turn of action are simulated in the theme. Sir George Grove says of Schubert, "He confines himself to enforcing expression. The music changes with the words as a landscape does when sun and cloud pass over it." Myerhofer, a German poet, confesses that he did not understand the significance of his own poems until he heard Schubert's setting of them.

What was necessary for the poets came to be an ornament in the imagination of this great master of melody. To give voice to emotions, which is the art of the poet, words, meter, and rhyme are required. By these means the poet scales the ladder of fame; he forsakes the world of realism, and by the power of imagination which synthesizes what is best and noblest in the chaos of language, he creates for himself a world of glory and splendor that is unknown to the ordinary mind. All this work of the poet supplies the material that Schubert uses as an ornament to make his harmonies more tangible, more intelligible, more actual to the minds of listeners. His beautiful melodies could exist without the aid of the poet, but he was too wise to throw aside the conveniences that the poet offered him. There can be no doubt but what he was awake to the lesson of nature which, as Emerson remarks, at first provides necessaries and later turns them to ornaments, and as an illustration he refers to the sea-shell, in which the parts that have for a while formed the mouth are at the next season of growth left behind, and become decorative nodes and spines. In much the same way the things that are necessary to the poet have become ornaments to the work of Schubert.

It is true that Handel and Mozart also acquired fame by their songs, but these songs compare but miserably with the romantic and picturesque produc-

tions of Schubert. They are of a rather artificial and intellectual nature and lack his characteristic felicitous touch and tuneful suggestiveness. Schubert was a true child of nature, singing as the linnet sings, and pouring forth only that music which was instinctively dictated by his unusual powers of harmony. He does not attempt to portray the intellectual; he does not display as Beethoven does, remarkable erudition, but he lives in a world apart from theories, canons, and prescriptions. Emotions sway him and alone hold dominion over him. It is in this fact perhaps that the chief reason for the failure of his operas may be detected. They lack the necessary logical background, but then, what else could be expected but a lack of logic in a man so thoroughly emotional as was Schubert? It was within his province to play with the emotions, not extravagantly, but with exquisite discretion and force.

That a man whose life work consisted in the revelation of personal sentiment should be so timid and shy as to find it above his courage to ask the hand of the person whom he loved in marriage is a matter almost too naive to mention, but this was plainly the case with Schubert. The major part of his life was, in consequence, spent in misery and dejection so, at least, he would lead people to believe from whatever self-revelation he makes. To the accident of single blessedness he may in reality be more deeply indebted than he ever suspected; for it certainly left his mind free to roam in the field of letters and in the realm of nature without the trammels that matrimonial duties would of course have imposed upon his pet activities.

If adverse criticism has any claims against this master of song then its pretense can only be satisfied by carefully searching into his works. But what would

any musician of note say if he bent his mind to this task? He would naturally have to dismiss anything like superficial likes and dislikes, and after taking this step, his only verdict could be that the songs of Schubert are practically flawless. He might take exception to the tremolo accompaniments and to the diminished sevenths and say that these tonal fancies are carried too far. But he will have to admit in the same breath that these seeming excesses are sufficiently counteracted by subsequent charming melodies, dissonances, and modulations. With a rare facility he changes from major to minor keys, and by so doing aptly symbolizes the transition from happiness to sadness. His modulations are not the result of carefully applied rules, but they are the spontaneous dictates of impassioned genius. Like tinkling rivulets flowing through pleasant meadows join to produce a current with a more lively note, so the modulations that Schubert has invented focus in the ear of men and there excite the charm of a thrilling sensation.

Schubert will live until a love for song vanishes from the human heart. His songs have withstood the test of one great century, and even now they are acquiring an ever increasing popularity. The numerous festivals held in his honor during the past year and the centennial celebrated in memory of him show that he has a secure place in the esteem and sentiment of people. If the words of Carlyle regarding music convey any truth then Schubert is too divine a character to be forgotten, for in his essay entitled "The Opera" the old Herr Teufelsdrockh gruffly remarks, "Music is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the eternal Sea of Light, when song leads and inspires us. The singer among all nations was a 'vates' admitted to the

council of the universe, friend of the gods, and choicest benefactor to men."

Though the dignity, depth, and intellectuality of Handel and Mozart do not belong to Schubert he has this advantage over them that he affords man another kind of enjoyment which perhaps is more pleasing, namely, emotional enjoyment. Here lies the secret of his singular power. It makes no difference whether the songs of Schubert be used in the sunshine of happiness or in the twilight hours of sorrow; for under all circumstances they strike the proper note that feeling demands, and they satisfy that feeling to a fullness which always exceeds the measure that other songs can offer.

Paul J. Knapke '29

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### EASTER JOYS

When morning's rosy flame on Easter flashes  
And lights the Cross on Calvary's summit dim,  
Our hearts shall spurn coarse penitential ashes  
And chant the Paschal hymn!

We'll sing: "Awake! The Crucified is risen!  
The darkness dies; the shades of death depart:  
The Lord of life has razed dark sorrow's prison;  
Has broken Death's grim dart."

In rev'rence then before its living Master,  
Where incense burns, and perfumed vapors drift,  
From vases tall of purest alabaster,  
The lily white shall lift.

Then may our prayers, in fragrant odors blending,  
Waft to his throne love's breath divinely sweet;  
Then may our hearts, like roses gently bending,  
Find favor at His feet.

Spalding Miles '30

## THIEF CATCHES THIEF

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Just at the right-hand side of the curve where the old turnpike ran along Plumpterville in the Allegheny Mountains stood a shack that made pretension to being a boarding house. To announce its business to the public it carried over the door lintel a sign that kept everybody guessing, but for all that everybody knew quite well what could be had at the place called "H3C--Inn". Tom Anderson, the jolly keeper of this inn, was a man who did things himself. When it came to peeling potatoes, to boiling lobsters, to skinning a deer, Tom was ever ready for the job, and if anybody sought to give him help, he would invariably check him by interposing and saying, "Don't you see, as Miles Standish said, if you want things done right you must do them yourself"? As an only helpmate in his multitudinous duties whose assistance he evoked merely when two hands could not do the work, Tom had with himself an elderly sister at whom Dan Cupid had never aimed an arrow, and it was well that he did not; for if there ever was an arrow-breaker, it surely was Tom Anderson's sister.

Already during the pioneer days of the "H3C-Inn" a star boarder had arrived, a certain John Bartly, namely, whose lifetime occupation it was to worry about paying his bill, and who could not possibly find any other employment outside of keeping his corncob pipe warm when he had tobacco, and when he had none to keep it in his mouth as a toy. Oh, yes he had another thing to do, and that was to putter about in the mud every time it rained, for as he said, he must keep used to having his feet wet. It was this job that came to be too much for him, though it took a long while for it to get the better

of him. He did come to be quite old in spite of his heavy work, but the end approached when he was, as usual about his important business immediatly after a rain. At this particular time he happened to be a little too wet inside; his eyes were glassy, and his step was unsteady. Since his condition made him do some unnecessary dodging about, he got his feet wet and cold too. The chilly moisture now took a chance to climb from his feet to his lungs where it stayed until it killed him.

That Bartly died without paying his bill did not in the least worry Tom Anderson, though his sister did spit a little fire about the matter. In spite of being cheated at times Tom had laid aside enough dough to keep himself and his sister in modest—very modest circumstances—for the rest of their days. The affairs of the boarding house came to bother him less and less, and more and more of his time went into card games with men—real men as he called them—men who paid for their lodging.

A fellow who had made himself an all-around friend among the patrons of the "H3C--Inn" was Jack Lake. This 'regular guy' even developed a powerful jerk with Tom Anderson. His motto was, "Easy come,easy go". Any one who had slipped into trouble always found Jack Lake ready to extend help, who, though his nature was of a restless sort, never allowed a black spot to disfigure his character. When a good time was in prospect, Jack Lake was always at hand; but he was careful never to overstep propriety in speech and conduct. With Tom Anderson his friendship was firmly established—so firmly that they took the liberty to poke fun at each other when, after a particularly moist card game, both found it difficult to discover the way to the stairs. The noise these two gallants made on these occasions usually

brought Tom's sister on the scene, who, by her very presence, had stabbed to death so many instances of good cheer that she really should have been prosecuted for murder.

Years rolled along in joyful sequence for the Andersons and the "H3C--Inn", until on one morning Tom came down from his room to the breakfast table in a rage. All conversation automatically ceased. Jack Lake at length broke the silence by asking, "What is the matter, Tom?" Immediately the volcano erupted. There was going to be trouble for the fellow who robbed the boarding house safe. Tom outrightly swore that he would see to it that this was the first and only time that something of the sort would happen. All wanted to know how much was lost; but Tom only scowled. He would answer no questions, but he did inform all present that they would do well to mind their own business.

"Call the police, Tom!" shouted Jack Lake.

"You shut your——see here, Jack Lake", growled Tom, "if the thief is to be caught, I'll do it, and if I can't do it, nobody else can; do you hear, do you hear?" Jack and all the others did hear, and they knew that there was no way to help poor, good, old Tom.

As the day dragged along, Tom cooled down. Gradually his friends discovered that he had been relieved of fifty dollars. The puzzling part in the entire situation, however, was the fact that more than a hundred dollars that were in no wise concealed were left in the safe. Besides the lock on the safe was not in the least injured. Evidently the thief was not a total stranger in the boarding house, and then, too, he must be a rather good-natured fellow to take but one third of what he could have picked up easily.

Many plans crowded into the busy head of Tom

Anderson before the evening of that day came. He must catch the thief; he would catch him. Before retiring that night he placed three ten dollar bills in the safe and put identifying marks on them. Over and over he locked the door of the safe to make sure that it was well locked. It was his good fortune to be one of those individuals whom worry makes drowsy instead of wakeful; hence he soon was sound asleep.

On awaking the next morning, Tom's first thought turned to the safe. There it was; the door wide open; the money all gone. "Well, well," said Tom to himself, "it is a good thing that the bills are marked. The thief is as good as caught right now." Yet he grumbled and used some plain language, and this language would have become quite audible if, upon removing some boards in the floor where he kept his real safe, his larger savings had not been found. But the fact that the steel box which he kept in special hiding had not been touched made him heave a sigh of relief.

"I'll act different today", Tom resolved as he was dressing. "I was a fool yesterday. Really, I feel sure that one of my boarders is hand in glove with this thief. How could a mere stranger know that I keep money in the house? Anyway I know that Jack Lake is often pinched for money, and even now he owes three weeks' board. I never trusted that fellow."

With these thoughts in his mind, Tom went down to the breakfast table. Everything was as usual, only Jack Lake had a very happy look on his face.

"Big stakes, you bet!" Jack roared to one of the fellows at the table, "only raked in thirty dollars last night."

"I can't see where you get all the money to play cards", the fellow popped back at Jack. "I believe Tom

Anderson should keep his big dog near his safe at night. If he did so, somebody might get a surprise."

Jack taking all good-naturedly replied with a chuckle, "Tom ought to take that big dog of his to the dentist and have its teeth filled."

"He'll get his teeth filled all right if you ever get caught in Tom's room when the dog happens to be in there", returned the fellow.

By this time Tom had heard enough. Thirty dollars made a larger stake than Jack Lake could ever put up. Furthermore this was just the sum of which he had been robbed during the previous night. He considered the evidence conclusive when Jack ambled up to the desk and paid his bill.

"May be he'll need more money", mused Tom, "I'll wait until tonight and find out."

That night Tom did not sleep well. Every little noise disturbed him. What seemed very peculiar to him was that he found himself lying in bed the following morning fully dressed. Shortly after he shuffled out of bed he heard much talk in the house of noises on the roof at night, and several of his old pals were loudly maintaining that the house was haunted. A little boy named Jacobs had come over to the boarding house to say that he had seen something like a four-footed animal on the roof of the house just last night, and that it appeared to be removing shingles near the chimney. The story made Tom nervous. As he wished to see what time of day it was, he noticed that his watch was gone, and that his keys were also missing. This matter brought on a fit of bad temper that made him resolve on desperate measures. Money gone; watch gone; keys gone, and a mysterious animal crawling over the house at night, well, all these things were puzzles that might be easily solved, so he thought, if

only he could lay hands on Jack Lake, who, he was firmly convinced, had a hand in all this mischief.

Finally Tom's desperation made him resolve on a trick that would surely put an end to all trouble and would unravel all mysteries. Before going to bed on the third night after all this nuisance began, he fastened a rope to the chimney in such a way that one end hung down within easy reach. If any ghost should appear near the chimney, this rope fastened about Tom's waist would make it easy for him to climb the roof quickly and to catch the 'fool thing' whether ghost, beast, or man. In the happy thought that at last he was on the right trail to catch the thief, Tom fell asleep.

In the early morning hours all the boarders were aroused from their slumbers by loud cries for help. There hanging from the chimney they saw Tom himself holding a revolver in one hand and a roll of bills in the other. All were at first too surprised to make any move towards helping him, but Tom's anger soon overcame their surprise.

"Can't you bunch of club-headed soup eaters come here and help me out of this mess?" roared Tom.

But the more Tom roared, the more his old pals liked it. Of course among others his sister did not fail to put in her appearance. The sight of Tom dangling at the end of the rope stirred her ire so profoundly that she cracked her tongue at him like pistol shots. But to no one the situation was more amusing than it was to Jack Lake, who by this time had found out that he was suspected of being the thief.

"Well, Tom", said Jack, as he advanced to untie the rope on which Tom hung suspended, "I'll bet you have caught the thief. Do you know that there is a thing like walking in one's sleep? Do you know that those who prowl about at night in their sleep carry

out that in which they are most interested during daytime? Tom, you are not exactly what a person might call a miser, but you have been too anxious to guard your money of late. And here is the proof. I'll wager thirty dollars that if you will climb up to that chimney, you will find your money, watch keys, and all under the shingles of this roof."

"Go to it, Tom; go to it, Tom", all shouted who were present.

In a very surly humor Tom remounted the roof by the aid of the same rope by which he had caught himself. As he came to the chimney, he became curious to know if Jack Lake was right. Sure enough! There were the three ten dollar bills marked by himself; there was his watch; there his keys, and all the rest of the money which he believed had been stolen. As he descended from the roof he looked rather confused, but he mustered enough courage to say,

"I apologize for all my rascally conduct during these last three days, and to you, Jack Lake, I apologize particularly for holding you in suspicion; but as to myself, I must say that I am equal to Sherlock Holmes; for I have solved this vexing mystery by catching the real thief."

From that day onward, life at the "H3C--Inn" came to be as cheery and jolly as it ever had been, and to guard against any future trouble, Tom now used the rope to tie himself in bed at night until he should be cured from his freakish spell of somnambulism.

Edward Miller '30

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The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.—Lloyd Jones.

## *CHANGELING NATURE*

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In turn white Winter comes to bless  
The Earth; and over all does throw  
A cloak that's surnamed happiness—  
A mantle made of purest snow.

Soon Winter must make way for Spring,  
And snow give place to verdure green  
That doves and larks may coo and sing  
To roses clad in velveteen.

Then Summer comes with gay delights,  
And Mother Earth must now rejoice;  
Yet in the zephyrs of her nights  
Is heard old Autumn's somber voice.

The leaves once green now shade to brown  
As dyes of wampum on them seize:  
Each bush is topped with flaming crown;  
Light pours its colors over trees.

Bright Autumn now by turns grows old;  
His voice once lusty now is low,  
But yet he carps at frost and cold,  
Though yield he must to Winter's snow.

C. Flynn '29.

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Men, even when alone, lighten their labor by song, however rude it may be.—Quintilian.

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You can not believe in honor until you have achieved it. Better keep yourself clean and bright; you are the window through which you must see the world.—G. B. Shaw.

## THREE-WAY JUSTICE

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Standing at the front of his rude abode, the caveman presents a picture of the methods by which disputes were settled in primitive days. His body clad only in the skins of the beasts that he had slain is expressive of brawn and power quite as uncontrollable as are the blind forces of nature. At the sight of danger his muscles tighten like strands of iron; slowly he raises his dreadful bludgeon above his head; with him there is but one sign of law, but it is an imperative sign—the club. In order to prevent anyone from trespassing on the premises which he has mapped out for his possession he is ready to advertise the old motto, "Might is Right," and he knows that it requires no special mental training to understand the meaning of the "Big Stick."

This picture of the caveman illustrates the manner of doling out justice among primitive people whenever there was a clash of mutual interests, but then, can this manner of settling disputes be dignified by the name of justice? It is plain that according to this mode of procedure a few could dominate the many who were not favored with superior strength, and it could not tax even the crude mind of the caveman to see that there was something very much awry with the system. Naturally as man advanced in civilization a demand for more and better means of obtaining justice in his dealings made itself felt. Very gradually the leader of the tribe felt constrained to administer justice and equity in ways that were conformable to the feelings generally entertained by his subordinates. But the imperfections of even this system persisted in making themselves felt, and, in consequence, forced open the way for improved judicial proceedings.

Very early in the history of the human race the practice arose to commit to records the solution of difficulties that appeared more consistent with reason and common sense than did the wielding of the "Big Stick," though quite soon a new and very obnoxious element came into evidence which was harder to overcome than was the menace of the club. This element was prejudice on the part of men whose duty it came to be to administer what was recognized to be recorded or codified law. Even in the days when the governments of Greece and Rome shone with their brightest splendor prejudice, bias, ill-feeling did much to corrupt the administration of justice.

Out of the chaotic conditions consequent upon the fall of the old Roman Empire, when the civil and social status sank into the wildest kind of disorder, grew a second form of judicial procedure by which it was hoped that the injustice resulting from prejudice and ill-will in pronouncing judgments in court, could be effectually forestalled. This new method came to be popularly known as the ordeal. It required several centuries to make people come to the realization of the rather plain fact that the mere element of truth or falsehood, of right or wrong would and could not of itself operate towards making physical pain and torture unfelt or felt. But in the days of the ordeal it was firmly held that innocence and right would shield a person against injury even though the means for producing injury might be purposely employed.

However futile this method of administering justice proved to be, there was one feature about it which produced excellent effects. People knew what awaited them if they committed acts that might make judicial proceedings necessary, and with the

prospect of possible torture in mind, especially if they could not feel totally free from guilt, they would naturally incline to practice self-restraint rather than run the risks which the ordeal was sure to bring. That the fright inspired by the ordeal might keep many from seeking redress for the wrongs they had suffered becomes only too evident when the character of the times in which this method of dealing out justice is recalled to mind. Those were the times when the strongest and heaviest swords were manufactured, and people who relied on the sword for protection and for the enforcement of authority could not be counted upon to use kid gloves when they looked for definite results.

It could not be otherwise with the process of ordeal but that many fell victims to the verdict of guilty whose innocence shone as clear in the eyes of all as the brightest sunlight, and in consequence of this fact the popular mind revolted against the employment of ordeal as times progressed. To satisfy popular demands rulers were obliged to try the expedient of establishing legal principles once more.

Nothing appears more simple at the first blush than does the task of judging between right and wrong. Any person gifted with normal common sense would be supposed to be equal to the task. But the numerous modifications of law and the searching explanations of the methods of its application that fill huge volumes in every country of the world bear ample witness to the intricacy that involves the administration of justice. Emperors, kings, rulers of every sort found it to be an almost superhuman undertaking to devise principles according to which positive justice might be meted out in cases of suits at law. At length a solution for the grave problems

that beset legal procedure seemed to loom up auspiciously in what is known as trial by jury.

This third method, the employment of a jury, namely, at first proved to be the most equitable of any and all systems that had been attempted. There remained merely the necessity to discover how a jury was to be impaneled and how far its offices were to reach. Talesmen numbering thirty and even more were at first used to sit as a counsel for the judge, but they did not function in the capacity of rendering judgment. But in the course of time it was believed advisable to allow jurymen to exercise the right of passing judgment, and in doing so a still greater measure of freedom was extended to those who were haled into court; for they now had a chance to choose to be tried by the aid of jury or to rest their cause in the hands of a judge.

Though the jury system is quite old, yet the manner of handling it as done at present dates back no further than the reign of King Henry II of England. It was he who extended the system to civil cases; and, though it suffers from undeniable shortcomings, it is as a system of justice properly regarded as the guarantee of popular liberty. No system of which the world knows down to the present time, other than trial by jury, has succeeded so well in establishing confidence in the verdicts of courts. The fact that gradually the number of talesmen was reduced to twelve has no particular significance, as nine or eighteen would be just as good as far as numbers go. But the number twelve has obtained now for centuries, and what can show the approval of time usually bears the stamp of practicality.

Quite like other systems of justice had their drawbacks, so the jury system, in spite of all that has been done to the contrary, is beset with handi-

caps that have given rise to many well-grounded and serious complaints. There is such a thing as tampering with a jury by bribes; by intimidation; by influence; by duress. Above all there are the sentimental effusions of lawyers who make it their purpose to muddle up the affairs of the head and the heart in such confusion that even the keenest mind cannot well see its way out of the entanglement. It is regrettable that so much sentimental gush should be allowed to blur the eye of reason which in a court of justice above all should be kept clear and single to truth and justice, as that which usually is heard and read about in connection with cases of a sheerly brutal and criminal nature. If there is any objectionable feature to the jury system, then the tendency that is felt so strongly at present to let, namely, emotion hold sway where intellect should rule, is surely directly and alone that harmful feature.

That people will look for progress in the administration of justice as time advances is as certain as is the fact that they will and do crave for changes in other affairs of life. But just like it often happens in other affairs so in relation to judicial procedure there is danger that changes may tend to the worse rather than to the better. Quite as it is said that "we shall always have the poor with us," so it may well be said that "we shall always have the fanatic with us," and to the fanatic there is no greater eyesore than human freedom. If his influence should at anytime be allowed to make itself felt too extensively, there can be no doubt but what in the administration of justice a decided tendency to the worse may be created.

Opposition to the jury system is noticeably on the increase in recent years. Before this opposition should be permitted to take active measures to do away with this system which has received the

indorsement of centuries it should in all fairness take upon itself the task to offer a substitute for the jury system that will be recognized as better adapted for securing justice. It is always easy enough to be a destructive critic, to be a revolutionist, to be a reformer; but it is not nearly so easy to build up, to invent, to create in a manner that will preserve old blessings at which civilization has arrived by the method of "hard knocks" and at the same time secure advantages and improvements that fall in line safely and consistently with desirable progress. If human life were like a machine from which careful planning can in time eliminate this part or that part with a resultant improvement in operation, then the substitution of new practices and of modes of procedure in human affairs would not be so imminently dangerous. But the old formula according to which man has been created still holds after all these thousands of years, and with it hold all the vexing complications of human life.

It is these troublesome complications that oppose real difficulties to all attempts at making adjustments in matters pertaining to human life. Neither fanaticism nor haste, neither inexperience nor foolhardiness should be allowed to take a hand in making these adjustments. To the complications of human life belongs the administration of justice. In this administration the club has been laid aside; the ordeal has been discovered as foolish, and the jury system—what next? The abolition of it might be easy; might even be desirable, but if it is to be thrown over board too hastily other guarantees of freedom may pass out with it, and times may again prevail when people will be heard to exclaim, "O, for a 'habeas corpus; ' O, for a 'Magna Carta!'"

Tom Durkin '30

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## EDITORIALS

What season, what event is more welcome, more comforting, more inspiring than the advent of spring and of Easter? To dissociate the two events is physically, spiritually, and aesthetically impossible; for does not the glorious feast of Easter recur annually upon the first Sunday consequent to the first full moon after the vernal equinox? From the fact that Easter determines all the other movable feasts of the Church, we learn how intimate is the relation of spring and Easter.

Even etymologically, this feast has ever been associated with spring. Our word "Easter," it may be of interest to note, is the anglicized name of the Saxon goddess, Eastre, or as she was known among the Germans, Ostara. Her special month of worship was the spring month. Eosturmonath or Ost-

manoth. Naturally, therefore, the Teutonic nations called the great Church-feast which fell at the beginning of spring, Easter.

But spiritually and aesthetically, the association seems even more relevant. Spring is the resuscitation of nature, Easter, the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Spring is the season of revival, the time when nature, held so long in the bondage of winter, finally bursts forth into renewed life and vigor. To celebrate this triumph, she dons her loveliest gown; and, accompanied in tuneful harmony by the liquid trills of her feathered coterie and the silent song of the flowers, she lilts an enchanting melody of peace and happiness.

As there can be no spring without a winter, so there can be no resurrection without a death. Sad and mournful, therefore, are the ceremonies of Holy Mother Church as she commemorates the bitter suffering and the ignominious death of Christ Jesus on Good Friday; but what unbounded and unstinted joy is hers on Easter morning when through every church, from every belfry, there peals forth that glorious rondo, that inimitable strain, "Alleluia! Alleluia! He is risen!" From hill to hill, from heart to heart, this canticle echoes and reverberates. Every plant and animal, every flower and bird, takes up the song and all nature joins in to celebrate Christ's conquest over death and hell, man's deliverance from the bondage of Satan and Sin.

O. M.

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A peculiar fallacy that has become wedged in a great number of minds is the notion that a person who has a feeling for literature is a person who, by some occult process, has learned the secret of extracting pleasure from dullness. To many people, a novel, a book of essays, a volume of poetry, or any bit of literary craftsmanship becomes as awe-inspiring and

fearsome as the face of Medusa, the minute somebody states that the novel, the book of essays, the volume of poetry, or the bit of literary craftsmanship is a classic. Just as willingly as a superstitious, colored gentleman would walk through a graveyard in the dead of night, just so willingly such people, as they who fear the word "classic," would read through a book they knew to be a literary masterpiece. It is strange that a person should believe that a great book is necessarily a dull book, nevertheless, that view is one that is commonly held.

If people, especially in their formative years, could be induced to give credence to the fact that a book lives from generation to generation for the very reason that it is not dull, these people could be taught more easily how to make not only their own lives more fruitful and more enjoyable but also their neighbors' lives richer and happier. Once let the idea be grasped that the books which have stood the well-nigh infallible test of time are the books which beat most sympathetically with the great heart of mankind, then the volumes of Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, and Homer will not have to go begging for readers.

"The world is founded on thoughts and ideas, not on cotton or iron," said Emerson. These thoughts and ideas are stored up in books. To have ideals, one must learn to create images. A great aid in the creation of images is the reading of poetry, particularly lyric poetry. Before one can move others, one's own heart must be moved. Through the reading of the best poetry, one learns to create images, to strive after higher ideals and to lift others with one's self to a higher plane.

Through a study of the great dramas, both in prose and metre, a man grows to understand the working of human emotions. Through the plays of

Shakespeare, much has been learned and can be learned concerning the passions that have stirred and will continue to stir man through the ages. After a man has come to know the passions through the drama, thus supplementing his own limited experience, he can better understand his fellow-man. In possession of a better understanding of his fellowman, he becomes a man of broad sympathies—he is able to live in peace and harmony with his fellow-man.

In a like manner, the other types of literature may be used by man to pitch his life on a higher plane of usefulness and enjoyment. Always he will be approaching to that perfection of the intellect which Cardinal Newman calls "the clear, calm, accurate vision and comprehension of all things as far as the finite mind can embrace them."

T. C.

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### MY NEW CAR

I bought a new machine that's fine,  
It was a matter of my choice;  
It's all paid for, so now it's mine:  
By name it's called a sport Rolls Royce.

At times it ran as 'twere on wings,  
So fast that it made things unclear,  
Until one day I hit some things;  
For which I got in jail one year.

I was intensely in a rage  
To think I had to spend my days  
In an old jail within a cage,  
Taking insults in many ways.

But now that dragging year is past;  
I am again a man that's gay;  
My time for joy is here at last;  
With fast machines I'll never play.

Joseph Herod '30

## EXCHANGES

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Although our hopes were quite high upon taking up THE PELICAN of Nazareth College, Louisville, Kentucky, we were not in the least disappointed. The Pelican embraces an extensive scope of literary endeavor. It embodies artistic beauty, admirable arrangement, varied and learned subject matter. Essay, fiction, and verse are so interspersed in its pages as to call forth the admiration of the most fastidious critic. The knack of essay writing, the contributors to The Pelican possess in an eminent degree. The merit lies not so much in the essays themselves as in the clever way they are handled. This is also true of the fiction. "The Big Man" and "This Radiotic Age" are stories worthy of much praise. The editorials are not numerous, but they have the correct tone and spirit,—that of dignity and breadth and calmness. It is our hope that the editors of The Pelican continue to produce such excellent work.

Mountains,—and there are some from where THE PERISCOPE comes,—have at all times been an incentive to poetic inspiration. We should really enjoy reading more poems like "Subiaco Song," and we mean to encourage this journal to give us more treats of this kind. Give us some short stories also. The manner in which the Periscope handles college activities is in every respect commendable.

It is evident that THE BROWN AND WHITE aims at quality rather than quantity, and that it will admit nothing but the best. Although the paper is small, it contains more material of literary value than do many school papers of six and eight pages. The poems in the February number are also worthy of note.

THE ACADEMY NEWS, Lorain, Ohio, deserves much credit. We do not know the enrollment of the school, but to fill an eight-page paper with interesting material as contained in The News is no easy task. It is very encouraging to note the great interest taken in Catholic activities by those of the News staff.

THE LOOK-A-HEAD, St. Paul's High School, Norwalk, Ohio, always comes to us burdened with good things. The February number is not an exception. We always expect some good editorials in The Look-A-Head and not once have our anticipations failed to materialize. Those of the present number again contain solid matter, put before us in a short, precise, and sincere manner. They are as they should be,—heart to heart talks.

We rather like our sprightly and cheerful neighbor, THE RENSSELAERIEN. There are good reasons to compliment this journal upon its fine appearance. Though local activities fill most of its pages, yet these matters are presented with a decided literary touch which makes for pleasant reading.

THE H. C. C. JOURNAL from Hays' Catholic College, is an excellent monthly publication. It comprises a collection of delightful essays, interspersed with interesting editorials and social gleanings.

Other exchanges received during the month are: Black and Red, Northwestern College, Watertown, Wis.; Campionette, Prairie du Chien, Wis.; Centric., Catholic Central High School, Toledo, O.; Chronicle, Wright High School, New Orleans, La.; Echo, Wilson High School, Easton, Pa.; Gavel, Notre Dame High School, Covington, Ky.; Gonzaga Bulletin, Gonzaga University, Spokane, Wash.; Gothic, Detroit, Mich.; Hour Glass, St. Mary's College, St. Mary's Kan.; Loyola News, Loyola University, Chicago, Ill.; Mary-

mount College Sunflower, Salina, Kansas; Nazarene, Nazareth College, Nazareth, Mich.; Notre Dame News, South Euclid, Ohio; Purple and White, Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont.; Red and Blue, St. Ignatius High School, San Francisco, Cal.; Shamrock, St. Patrick's High School, North Platte, Neb.; Sigma, Spalding Institute, Peoria, Ill.; St. Ann News, St. Ann High School, Fremont, O.; St. Joseph's Gleaner, St. Joseph's College, Hinsdale, Ill.; Tower, St. Lawrence College, Mt. Calvary, Wis.; Wag, Routt College, Jacksonville, Ill.; Warrior, Oakdale High School, Oakdale, La.; Wendelette, St. Wendelin High School, Fostoria, Ohio.

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## LIBRARY NOTES

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### (Our Magazine Library)

Having in the last number of the Library Notes spoken of the size and value of our magazine library, with its complete files of magazines dating back as far as 1844, 1850, 1865, etc., we propose in this number to answer some questions pertaining to the acquisition of these volumes, and to say a word about the care for magazines and about the need for further accumulation.

In the first place, these volumes have come to us at various times and from various sources. Some of them have come from thoughtful alumni; some from friends who felt that at St. Joseph's they would be put to most advantageous use. We trust that these expectations are being realized. Right here we avail ourselves of the opportunity of again expressing to these benefactors our gratitude, the best sign of which, however, will be the constantly growing use to

which these volumes are being put. Some volumes have come to us through exchanges made with other libraries; and still others have come through purchases made years ago—before the great demand by rapidly increasing reference libraries took most of them off the market.

Volumes in the library of more recent years are natural accretions—bound volumes of the copies that have been used in the reading room. They are the hand-me-downs of the former students through the literary societies, the contributions of the teachers, and the proceeds of subscriptions.

Getting old volumes and filling in numbers does not work much according to the short order method but entails a wait over a period of years—and not a mere passive wait only, but a constant searching of the lists of old magazine agencies and of the exchange lists of other libraries. It means patching up here and patching up there; the only trouble is that supply-lists, as a rule, do not match with one's own want-list. Often it happens that the number that one wants is the number for which other libraries also are angling. The cause of this great latter-day scarcity is the result of earlier demand: the number probably contained some article of special appeal, and, as a result, the stock was exhausted years ago while the number was still current.

Different from other utensils, and even from other kinds of books, magazines increase in value and prestige as years go by. They, at least, are one class of things that stand above the changing modalities of style and custom, and are not subjected to the whims and caprices of the patron. If he wants them, he must take them as they were originally made.

Needless to say, however, disfigurations and

mutilations of any kind add nothing to their value. Thanks to the thoughtfulness of former students, there is little occasion for complaint on this score. Today, however, when in some cases the advertisements are scattered all through the reading sections of the magazine, the temptations to disfigure magazines are stronger. Many persons, ignorant some and thoughtless others, imagine that to order articles advertised in magazines, they must use the little two-lined order blank that sometimes accompanies the advertisement. They do not reflect that the millions of dollars of the advertisers are not spent for the sake of getting these coupons into the magazine or of getting them back again, but for the one and only purpose of getting orders for their wares, whether these orders come in on letter-head, or yellow scrap paper, or on the blank upon which there is scarcely place to scratch one's signature and address.

Let persons who are easily tempted to mutilate a magazine which is not their personal property, stop a moment and consider the selfishness of the deed. Several hundred other readers might with equal right, or injustice, feel like clipping the same advertisement, or the same joke, or the same special announcement, or the same valuable article. Perhaps the fact that the biblioclast gets to see these things at all is due to the fairmindedness of other readers; for, considering his rights in the matter, they refrain from giving away to the promptings of their selfish nature. Then also, one might benefit by the thought that markings and lacerations disfigure the magazine not only temporarily or for current use; they cripple permanently, and sometimes render the magazine quite useless for all the years to come.

By their carefulness and forethought our predecessors, though they themselves had facilities few

enough to begin with, have handed down to us a wealth of library material. They intended it not as a gift that was to be wastefully consumed by a selfish few, but as a legacy to be used carefully, to be augmented by the recipients of the favors, and to be handed down through the course of years not only as a monument to the literary activities of our school, but, as it were, a living, growing dynamo that, replenishing itself and growing stronger from year to year, should give off greater sparks of light and power to the mind, charge the heart with sympathy and love, and stimulate the spirit.

Shall we then selfishly exploit the things that have been given to us in trust, and let coming generations again scratch for themselves? Shall we not rather use the resources more judiciously, increase them generously, and hand them down to future generations of students of St. Joseph's, and in this way derive not only the benefits from the perusal and consultation of books and magazines, but the greater blessing and satisfaction of giving and of extending these advantages to others? Considerations as these ought to go a long way not only in correcting our selfish impulses in the library world, but in stimulating the traits of genuine character that will ennable our action in every other sphere of life.

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## **SOCIETIES**

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### **COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY**

In order to bring the stage settings into harmony with the rest of the auditorium, the College has purchased about \$700 worth of new and improved scenery. Since they derive a considerable amount of good from these scenes the Columbians at the meet-

ing of February 17, appropriated \$100 to help defray this expense.

Inasmuch as it was the privilege of the Columbians to present the first program in the auditorium after it had been frescoed, it naturally was also their duty to stage an entertainment that would serve as a fitting dedication to the rich improvements of Alumni Hall. Apparently they realized their duty, for the entertainment that they afforded the audience on February 21, the eve of Washington's birthday, was a very pleasing success.

The first speaker to appear on the newly equipped stage was the vice-president of the society, Michael Walz, who introduced Paul Knapke for his inaugural address as president of the C. L. S. In a well worded oration entitled "An Intellectual Iconoclast," Mr. Knapke spoke very interestingly on the peculiarities of the English author, George Bernard Shaw.

In the debate, "Resolved that the jury system should be abolished," Louis Huffman, the affirmative, and Charles Johns, the negative, held their grounds quite successfully. Both showed rather thorough preparation and sought to be convincing in manner and argument. But the judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

"Wait Louie," a laugh-provoking dialogue between two jolly, fat "Deutchers" was a very welcome number of the program. John Kraus and Michael Vanecko were responsible for the laughter evoked by their very commendable work.

The comical two-act afterpiece, "Pyramus and Thisbe," was the principal and most appreciated part of the program. To say that this play has been successfully presented several times by the C. L. S. is sufficient proof of its merit. The play itself is a scream; the acting of the cast was very apt; and

the splendid array of costumes added to the merit of the sketch.

“Pyramus and Thisbe” is a part of Shakespeare’s “Midsummer Night’s Dream.” In Act I, a group of Athenian mechanics come together and decide to present a play before Theseus and Hippolyta in honor of their approaching nuptials. The act closes with the cast rehearsing very stupidly. In the second act, the play is presented before the Duke, his betrothed, and his courtiers. Although the Athenian cast regards its work in all seriousness, it presents the play in a manner that makes everybody shake with laughter.

While each participant of “Pyramus and Thisbe” did splendid work, the fine acting of William Pike, Francis Weiner, Charles Baron, and Samuel Homsey can not go unnoticed.

#### THE CAST

Theseus, Duke of Athens	-----	William Pike
Demetrius a Courtier	-----	Paul Babin
Lysander a Courtier	-----	Paul Anzinger
Philostrate, Master of Revels	-----	Edward Miller
Hippolyta, betrothed to Theseus	-----	Francis Weiner
Quince, a carpenter, who gives the prologue	-----	Florian Hartke
Snug, the joiner, cast as the lion	Herbert Linenberger	
Bottom, the weaver, cast as Pyramus	Charles Baron	
Flute, a bellows mender, cast as Thisbe	-----	Samuel Homsey
Snout, a tinker, cast as wall	-----	Richard Steineman
Starveling, a tailor, cast as moonshine	-----	Richard Bauman

The orchestra played as if inspired by the stateliness of the recently improved hall; for its productions, though always characterized by vigor and excellence, developed a perfection on this evening that called for much commendation and approval.

### NEWMAN CLUB

One of the most important events of the local St. Patrick celebration is the annual program presented on the eve of this feast. This entertainment had usually been in the hands of the Newman Club until the C. L. S. took it over two years ago. This year, however, the Newmanites again have the privilege of entertaining in commemoration of the Irish patron. The society is expected to make a good showing in this production since it will be its first appearance in the improved auditorium, and at the same time its final program of the year. The play to be staged by the Newman Club is Samuel Johnson's three act comedy, "Putting it Over;" no doubt it will place the students in fine spirits for the celebration of St. Patrick's Day.

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### DWENGER MISSION UNIT

Because of the work in the auditorium the Dwenger Mission Unit was slightly incapacitated for two months, since the large enrollment of the society makes it impossible for meetings to be held in any other place outside of the auditorium. This long spell of comparative inactivity was broken by an interesting meeting on Saturday evening, March 2. The meeting was featured by three mission talks, given by Roland Flinn, Louis Huffman, and the president, Thomas Durkin. Cornelius Flynn rendered a humorous poem, and the Rev. Moderator brought the meeting to a close with an ardent appreciation of the society's remembrance of him while he was in the hospital several months ago.

The interest of the society at present is centered chiefly in the short-story contest which is open to all active members of the D. M. U. The executive board of the society feels that this project should

excite a considerable amount of interest for the mission enthusiasts, since in breaking away from the customary essay contest, it is something rather novel. The rules governing the contest, and the awards are similar to those of last year and are posted on the bulletin boards in the main building and likewise on the new bulletin board in the gymnasium building. The officers of the society are asking the Dwengerites to work hard, to show their mission spirit, and to make a real success of the contest.

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### RALEIGH CLUB

The Raleigh Club meeting held on Saturday evening, February 10, disclosed a considerable surprise for the members. The surprise consisted in the announcement of a new system of government. Instead of administration by a president, secretary, treasurer, and marshals as before, the Club is now governed by a committee of six men. The seniors vote separately for two members of the sixth class as committeemen, the fifth class does likewise, and the rest of the members vote for two high school committeemen. After this committee has been chosen, the Club elects one of the six men as president while the other officers are chosen by the committee itself. The results of the first elections held in this fashion are: Sixth Class: Frank Rehberger and James Stapleton; Fifth Class: Joseph Herod and Wendelin Dreiling; High School: Ralph Boker and Rouleau Joubert. Frank Rehberger was elected president of the Club.

The appearance of the club room of late has been improved by the purchase of two dozen fine chairs. The appearance of the club banner has also been improved by its removal from the east wall to

a more conspicuous spot above the fireplace where it is surrounded by draperies. These much needed improvements lend considerable attractiveness to the appearance of the smoking quarters.

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### ALUMNI NOTES

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Thursday, February 21, saw the elevation to the sublime dignity of the Holy Priesthood of fourteen seminarians of the Society of the Most Precious Blood by the Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O. P., S. T. M., at the major seminary, Carthagena, Ohio. The Society has indeed great cause for rejoicing in the swelling of its ranks by this a substantial number of new priests. The names of the newly-ordained are as follows: Rev. Henry Druffel, C. PP. S., Rev. Erasmus Gengler, C. PP. S.; Rev. Joseph Rohling, C. PP. S.; Rev. Walter Wartinger, C. PP. S.; Rev. Walter Gaulrapp, C. PP. S.; Rev. Joseph Rohling, C. PP. S.; Rev. Edward Roof, C. PP. S.; Rev. Walter Pax, C. PP. S.; Rev. Bernard Scharf, C. PP. S.; Rev. Albin Bauer, C. PP. S.; Rev. Paul "Mac" Denzel, C. PP. S.; Rev. Hubert Greb, C. PP. S.; Rev. Charles Herber, C. PP. S.; and Rev. Werner Rauh, C. PP. S.

To them the members of the Collegian Staff extend heartiest congratulations and well-wishes for success in all future occupations and undertakings.

About three or four months ago St. Joseph's was considerably stirred and much discussion was aroused among the students by the rumor that Alumni Hall was to be frescoed. Speculation and uncertainty were put to flight when somewhere around the end of December the decorators actually put in an appearance and made preparations to begin the work of

decorating the auditorium. By now the work is practically finished. Some little painting is still required on the asbestos curtain and the under-portion of the balcony still remains to be paneled. The writer of this article feels that he is not exaggerating in the least when he states that, in appearance and general appointments, St. Joseph's Auditorium, upon the completion of the present improvements, will easily outstrip any college auditorium of its size in this state. The acquisition of new interior sets for the stage, new grand drapery and tormentor wings and a new valance go far towards producing a harmonizing effect between the stage and the newly frescoed auditorium. The frescoing is being done by Mr. Herman Diedam of Kentland, Indiana.

Great thanks is due the St. Joseph's Alumni Association, through whose efforts and financial assistance these new improvements were made possible. Members of the Alumni will no doubt be surprised when they next assemble at St. Joseph's to see what a remarkable improvement has been brought about by their efforts in behalf of their Alma Mater.

A casual glance at the Messenger of the Most Precious Blood brought to mind the name of Father T. Francis Kramer, C. PP. S., who in his student days was editor of the Collegian (1900-1901). One might say that ever since his editorship, the ink has never dried on his pen. Several volumes at least would be required to hold all that he has written thus far. In all his writings he has set a standard for the editors who followed him. The Messenger of the Most Precious Blood, February issue, contains a beautiful little poem entitled "The Presentation"; also an interesting story, "Another Daniel," both products of the prolific pen of Father Kramer. The Collegian Staff extends its best wishes to Father Kram-

er for his continued success both as pastor and writer for a great many years to come.

St. Joseph's was pleased recently with visits from Rev. Albert Gaulrapp, C. PP. S., and Rev. Walter Pax, C. PP. S., two of the newly ordained Fathers of the Society of the Most Precious Blood. After Benediction, Saturday evening, February 23, Father Gaulrapp imparted his blessing to all assembled in chapel. Father Pax also imparted his blessing after Benediction, Wednesday evening, February 27.

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### *LOCALS*

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Recent visitors at the College were: The Rev. Edward J. Freiburger, Lafayette, Ind.; The Rev. Pius Kanney, C. PP. S., St. Henry, Ohio; The Rev. Charles Scholl, North Judson, Ind.; The Very Rev. Othmar Knapke, C. PP. S., Carthagena, Ohio; The Rev. Charles Malay, Knox, Ind.; The Rev. Charles Gaulrapp, C. PP. S., Carthagena, Ohio; The Rev. Walter Pax, C. PP. S., Carthagena, Ohio; The Rev. Paul Denzel, C. PP. S., Carthagena Ohio.

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After a considerable stretch of unbroken school days, a very pleasant relaxation, in the form of a free day, was granted to the students on Tuesday, February 5. In the afternoon permission was granted to go to town, where a large number of students availed themselves of an opportunity to witness Victor Hugo's literary classic "The Man Who Laughs," on the silver sheet of the local movie theatre.

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"If the Nation Saves the Trees, the Trees will Save the Nation," says Charles Lathrop Park, the president of the American Tree Association. If

this is true, then Uncle Sam need not fear that St. Joseph's is not doing its bit with a vim in order to preserve this grand and glorious republic. Under the skilful and persistent supervision of the Rev. Procurator, Father Albin Scheidler, C. PP. S., there have been planted over 7000 trees at St. Joseph's within the past five years. Among the varieties planted are 1000 evergreens, 1000 locust trees, over 1300 yellow poplars, hundreds of ash, hickory, walnut, catalpa and a great many European elm trees. The woods next to the Catholic cemetery, a plot containing twenty-seven acres, has been recorded at the State House in Indianapolis and at the Court House in Rensselaer as a classified State Forest. This is according to an act approved March 10, 1921, entitled "An Act to encourage timber production and to protect water sheds by classifying certain lands as forest lands and presenting a method of assessing lands thus classified for purposes of taxation." The land has been placed on the tax duplicate list at the assessed value of one dollar per acre. Forest grazing will be prevented and thus this land will be permitted to reforest and perpetuate itself as a forest preserve.

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Junior billiard sharks are delighted with the new billiard table which has been placed in their recreation room. Evidently billiards play no unimportant part in the amusement schedule of the Juniors since another table, making a total of four tables, was considered necessary to accommodate all. Our Rev. Athletic Director, Father Koenn is to be congratulated on his keen interest in maintaining a high standard for the equipment in the recreation rooms under his charge.

It is alleged that the first appearance of baseball

and glove is a sure sign of spring. At that rate spring ought to be here, for on several successive days recently, baseballs might have been seen flying back and forth on St. Joseph's Campus. The writer, however, has his doubts as to the infallibility of some of these spring signs. In fact he is quite willing to lay a load of ashes against a load of coal that the dope is wrong this time.

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## ATHLETICS

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### High School 27, College 21

Riotous noise, a volley of shouts, and shrieks of glee were the hearty greetings with which the gay high school rooters met their team after it had humbled the college cohorts. With new basketball talent added to its already formidable array of stars the high school team dimmed the bright hopes of the college boys for another victory by handing them an upset in a most thrilling game. Although the south-siders threatened seriously throughout the game, nevertheless, at no period of the fray was their play on a par with the fast stepping victors. The perfected pivot and a dizzy passing attack completely baffled the guards of the losing team. With but a few minutes to play the elder team started a rally, but victory was hopeless as the high school put up an impenetrable defense. Conroy and Toth were the hubs around which revolved High School's passwork, and B. Dreiling took good care of the scoring. Ryan and Barge were the outstanding performers for the college. Lineup:

High School		College
Dreiling B. (11)	RF.	Babin (2)
Cross	LF.	Linenberger (6)
Conroy (8)	C.	Gillig
Maloney J. (4)	RG.	Barge
Toth (4)	LG.	W. Dreiling

Substitutions:—High School: Garza; Sheeran; C. Maloney. College: Ryan (6); Grot; Schill (5); Herod; Anzinger (2). Referee Kienly; Umpire Corcoran.

#### Senior League Standing

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Sixths -----	6	0	1.000
Fourths -----	6	1	.857
Seconds -----	2	5	.285
Fifths -----	1	5	.166
Thirds -----	1	5	.166

#### Thirds 25, Seconds 19

After four consecutive reverses the Thirds finally found their bearings and added sufficient punch to cop their first game of the season. The plucky Second year team outfought and outtumbled its opponents but could not succeed in outscoring them. During the game three players got the gate—a sure sign that there was action and plenty of it, for no less than thirty fouls were called. Things were constantly kept humming as Garza matched his shooting skill with that of Conroy, the former getting fourteen and the latter fifteen points. C. Maloney and Al Mayer did stellar work for the Thirds; Bubala and Stricker performed the same roles for the Seconds.

**Fourths 20, Fifths 17**

With a deceptive offense and a heap of determination as their chief assets the formidable Fourths again were successful in subduing the Fifths and in consequence stepped up another notch in the pennant chase. As the score of 7 to 7 at half indicates, the playing was evenly divided. In the second half, however, the Fourths hounded the ball with greater zest and hurriedly piled up a safe lead. The long distance shooting of B. Dreiling and the marvelous floorwork of Malone were the main features of the tilt. Weigel, Moore and Gillig were the mainstays for the Fifths.

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**Sixths 38, Seconds 12**

The Seniors with their merciless gun-fire overwhelmed the Strickerless Seconds on February 12 and ran their string of consecutive victories to five. After an erratic half the winners suddenly unleashed a terrific bombardment and completely outclassed the Second Year netters. Toth and Bubala fought unflinchingly until the whistle ended the game. Ryan with ten, Schill with twelve, and Linenberger with fourteen points were the chief performers in this tussle.

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**Fourths 22, Thirds 18**

After three uneventful and slow quarters during which they were trailing at all times the Thirds temporarily dazed their opponents as they hit a fast stride and tied the score at 18 all. With this alarming situation confronting them the Fourths quickly dispatched the regulars who fought desperately to score two field goals in the last two minutes of the game. Sheeran, Gibson, and Duray were responsible for most of the winner's points. All of the Thirds fought hard with C. Malone and Siebeneck starring.

**Sixths 36, Fifths 16**

On February 24th the Sixths sliced another trifle off the standing of the Fifth's quintet and boosted their own by defeating the Fifths in a clever, cagey game. The losers headed by the fast work of Moore and Grot held out till near half-time, but after that succumbed to the hostile fire of the League leaders. Ryan, Schill, and Babin were the stars for the day collecting twenty-eight of their team's markers.

**Fourths 23, Seconds 15**

The Fourths evidently were helpless in the third quarter when they saw a big lead whittled down to a 15 to 15 tie as the Seconds made a furious attack on the nets. But the winners showed their mettle towards the end of the game when they coolly tallied eight more points. Bartlett and Stricker merited the stellar honors by dint of their excellent shooting. Cross, Tatar, and Dreiling shouldered the brunt of their team's work.

**ACADEMIC LEAGUE STANDING**

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Sixths -----	3	1	.750
Fifths -----	2	1	.666
Thirds -----	2	1	.666
Fourths -----	1	2	.333
Seconds -----	0	3	.000

**Sixths 16, Fifths 10**

Corney Flynn finally picked out a winning combination when he sent his fighting quintet to measure up the hitherto undefeated Fifths. After thirty-two minutes of play, his team had the Fifths fitted out with a snug fitting defeat. The close guarding of Vanecko and Pax prevented Boltz and Knapke from

scoring many short shots but the long range shots to which they resorted proved sufficiently detrimental.

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### **Thirds 14, Fourths 13**

The Thirds continued on their sweeping tour when they cleaned up the Fourths in a heart-breaker. With the lead continuously switching back and forth the issue was not decided until DeMars gave the winners a momentary lead to which they clung till the whistle blew a few seconds later. Stock had the tying mark through the draperies only to see it erased as he stepped across the foul line.

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### **Sixths 18, Seconds 6**

The Seniors quite handily won the second game of their academic race at the expense of the lowly Seconds. The reserves of the winners saw action in this game and gave good account of themselves by contributing several points to their team's cause. The high lights of the game were Walz and Boltz for the Sixths; Bauscher and Kirchner for the Seconds.

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### **Fifths 21, Thirds 11**

The Fifths broke the Thirds' skein of successive victories by handing them their first defeat on February 18th. Uhrich gave a good account of himself by tapping in most of the follow-ups. Wirtz and Dick Smith in spite of their fine defense could not thwart the attack of their opponents.

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### **Sixths 20, Fourths 11**

It was a case of win the game or lose a chance for the pennant when the Seniors fought their battle with the Fourths. Hampered by the loss of Kern, their captain, the Fourths were not able to keep pace with the fast work put up by Knapke, Walz and

Friedrich. Stock and Sanger were the backbone of the Fourth Year aggregation.

### JUNIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Little Giants -----	2	1	.666
Hawks -----	2	1	.666
Flying Quintet -----	2	2	.500
Titans -----	1	2	.333
Spartans -----	1	2	.333

### **Titans 11, Spartans 10**

When Jim Elliot's last long shot found its destination victory was assured for the game ended a second later. Langhals, leading the scorers with seven points, was the star of the game. The leading players for the losers were Pawlak and Otte.

### **Flying Quintet 21, Hawks 5**

The dope bucket received another upset when the Flying Quintet, loser of its first two engagements, completely outpointed the undefeated Hawks. Leonard, Simon, and Schuman counted thirteen points from foul trials and scored only three field goals. Reino and his mates missed sucker shots with great regularity and in consequence lost their claim on first place.

### **Flying Quintet 14, Titans 11**

With the score now favoring one team now the other neither the Titans nor the Flying Quintet were able to subdue each other when the regular playing time ended. Leonard in the overtime tilt quickly added three points to lead his team to victory. Gollner and Rager were the chief factors in the Titans' snappy play.

**Little Giants 17, Spartans 6**

The Spartans bowed before the powerful onslaught of Kelly's Little Giants. The winners had little trouble in pushing through the scattered defense of the Spartans. The spectacular guarding of Bihm and the successful shooting of Kelly were the main features of the game.

**MIDGET LEAGUE STANDING**

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Sharpshooters -----	6	0	1.000
Ramblers -----	4	3	.571
Scots -----	3	3	.500
Shamrocks -----	2	4	.333
Bruins -----	1	6	.143

**Sharpshooters 19, Scots 11**

Barge's charges added another link to their already lengthy chain of victories when they outscored the Scots in a bitterly fought overtime game. McKune, Elder, and Joe Maloney rolled up the score for the trail blazers; Horrigan and Rosenthal did the stellar work for the Scots.

**Ramblers 28, Shamrocks 5**

The Ramblers easily held their own against Kenneth Moore's Shamrocks. Even the subs of the winners, Lawrence Brown, Eddie Brown, and Allgeier, kept swelling their team's victory margin by occasional field goals.

**Scots 20, Bruins 13**

The Bruins tasted defeat again in their heat against the Scots. There were thrills and spills galore as each team tried to outdo the other. Horrigan

and Forwith were masters in their shooting; Welsh and Harris were the flashes in the Bruins' outfit.

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### **Sharpshooters 30, Bruins 14**

The clever work of Forsee and Bloemer enabled the Sharpshooters to cling to their position in the standings. The winners started a shooting orgy early in the game which did not subside until the subs took the floor late in the last quarter.

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### **Scots 22, Ramblers 15**

The "in-and-outers" of the Midget League, the Scots, were "in" when they took the second-place Ramblers for a 22-to-15 ride. The tussle was a neck-and-neck race throughout with the winners slowly forging ahead in the final minutes. Jerry Cook led the scoring activities for the Scots; the defensive play of Fontana and Burnell was outstanding.

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### **Sharpshooters 31, Shamrocks 6**

Joe Maloney and Tinker Forsee almost single-handed beat the Shamrocks. These two lads solved the defense put up by Ritter and Nardeccia and tallied twenty-eight points. Other features of the game were the flashy floor work of Elder and McKune.

---

### **Bruins 23, Ramblers 18**

Tip your hat to the victorious Bruins. Never was such an agonizing battle fought all season as the one in which the sole claimants of the cellar position downed the Ramblers. What was thought to be an easy setup for the Ramblers turned out to be an upset for them. The loser held the lead nearly throughout, only to fall before a magnificent fourth-quarter rally. The issue was definitely decided in the overtime

period. Egolf, Harris, and Lefko certainly must feel compensated for their strenuous work. Fred Snyder, having scored twelve points for the Ramblers, took scoring honors.

### TURNER HALL ACTIVITIES

Turner Hall is now relishing a touch of the popularity it formerly enjoyed under Father Scheidler's capable supervision.

Rivalry has been aroused by the innovation of league work, there now being thirty-five members in active competition. The games, so far, have been highly diverting and, with one or two exceptions, hotly contested.

### STANDING OF TURNER TEAMS

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Aubry's -----	3	0	1.000
Boltz's -----	2	2	.500
Vogus' -----	2	2	.500
Nolan's -----	1	2	.333
Gengler's -----	1	3	.250

### COLLEGE-HIGH MEET

Displaying a surprising show of strength and ability, the High School team held the College's more experienced and stronger squad to a 422-391 win in the first College-High meet in Turner Hall, March 3. For the High School, the efforts of Captain Kirchner, Gyuris, and Forwith were outstanding—splendid future ahead for these youngsters. The brunt of the College work was borne by Captain Aubry, Nolan, Matthews, and Boltz. No new records were made, although the chinning, dips, and fence-vault records were tied.

Individual scores:—HIGH SCHOOL: Kirchner, 70, Gengler 62, Forwith 69, Clayton, 57, Gyuris 68,

Stukenborg, 64; COLLEGE: Aubry, 95; Vanecho, 62; Nolan, 78; Zurcher, 47; Matthews, 71; Boltz, 69.

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## FREE AIR---HOT AND OTHERWISE

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Texas Youth—Gee, Dad, I wish you'd let me attend St. Edward's; only about half of their gridiron has cactus plants.

---

In the Men's Shirt Department.

Clerk—Are you looking for something in a shirt, Ma'am?

Stout Lady—Yes, about 120 pounds, and if he doesn't show up pretty soon, I'll wring his neck when he does get here!

---

**HUXTRY!**

**HUXTRY!**

**HUXTRY!**

Scotchman Drops Dead!—It is alleged that Sandy McTavish was standing at a window of his room throwing nickels to the scrambling kiddies below, when suddenly the string broke.

---

As we turned the bend at Westwego on our trip down the Mississippi, we came across a flock of house-boats tied to the East bank, and a crowd of darkies fishing from the levee for a stretch of about ten miles. I think it was Kenner, for—

Kenner! Say, man, don't you know where you were? Why that was New Orleans!

---

Big Hands—What's the matter with Vogie's Ford?

Charlie—Ah, every part of it makes a noise except the horn.

### THE WOIM WILL TOIN

The magician slick pulled many a trick,  
And caused the crowd to wonder.  
But then a "sheik," who held first seat,  
Would each trick foully slander.

That "jelly-bean" did act up mean,  
He called the sleuth a faker,  
At every scene he would just scream,  
"You had it up your sleeve, sir!"

A cat, a shell, a goose, and bell,  
Produced the great producer.  
But caustic Bill would only yell,  
"You had 'em up your sleeve, sir!"

In great disgust the actor asked,  
"Please let me have your derby,  
Your watch and clasp and whisky flask."  
Bill volunteered quite sweetly.

"Now let me," to Bill said he,  
"Compress them all together."  
The "sheik" did sigh (and winked his eye,) ·  
And answered, "Pitch right in, sir!"

A crumpled, broken, ruined mass,  
He handed the "cake eater,"  
"There's still a trick or two," smiled he,  
"I haven't up my sleeve sir!"

F. M.

---

Fair Visitor—Oh. what a wonderful, large, bird bath you "Rattlers" have here; and the water's so clear and bright, too!

Olin—Saay, who's yah bootleggah anyway?  
That's ouah swimmin' pool.

## Once Upon A Time

Ten little Freshmen, so gentle, refined;  
One took up football—  
And then there were nine.  
Nine hopeful Freshies, sad to relate,  
One cussed a Senior—  
So then there were eight.  
Eight hungry lads rushed to the kitchen,  
One slipped and fell—  
There remained then but seven.  
Seven bright Sophs appear to us next,  
One tried to boil "phosphorous"—  
So now there are six.  
Six Sophs entered a Greek test alive,  
One lost his "pony"—  
And then there were five.  
Five Juniors agreed, "the prefect's a bore."  
One was o'erheard—  
So then there were four.  
Four Seniors smoked cigarettes rather free  
One was observed—  
And then there were three.  
Three Seniors started to study and brew,  
One failed in the "finals,"—  
So then there were two.  
Two happy Grads (in town for some fun),  
One landed in jail—  
And then there was one.  
One student lived till Commencement Day,  
But the shock of his "sheepskin,"  
Just took him away.

- - - - -

And the moral is this: if you love your old team,  
Just cheer for the others,  
For you all sound the same.

F. M.

A very fat man climbed into a bus, and almost smothered a sour-faced little man when he sat down. The sour-faced man glared at him and growled, "They ought to charge by weight in these busses!" "In that case, bellowed the fat man, "It wouldn't be worth while stopping to pick you up!"

### California vs. Florida

A smart Floridan strolled into a Le Mesa fruit shop out in California and picking up a watermelon, he contemptuously inquired, "Is this the largest alligator pear you have in the shop?"

"Where do you hail from, stranger?" asked the fruit dealer.

"From Florida," came the proud reply.

"Well, then, put that grape down and I'll teach you a few things about the fruit business.

---

A Negro Folk Song written by an Englishman who had never seen Dixie:

I'm going back, back, back, to Alabamy,  
To my dear old Mammy's knee.  
Oh back I'll roam  
To my old Kentucky home,  
In dear old South Dakota by the sea.  
I can see the shady everglades of Texas  
And my Mammy baking sweet potato yams;  
Though I've never been there,  
What do I care?  
I'm going back, back, back to Alabam.

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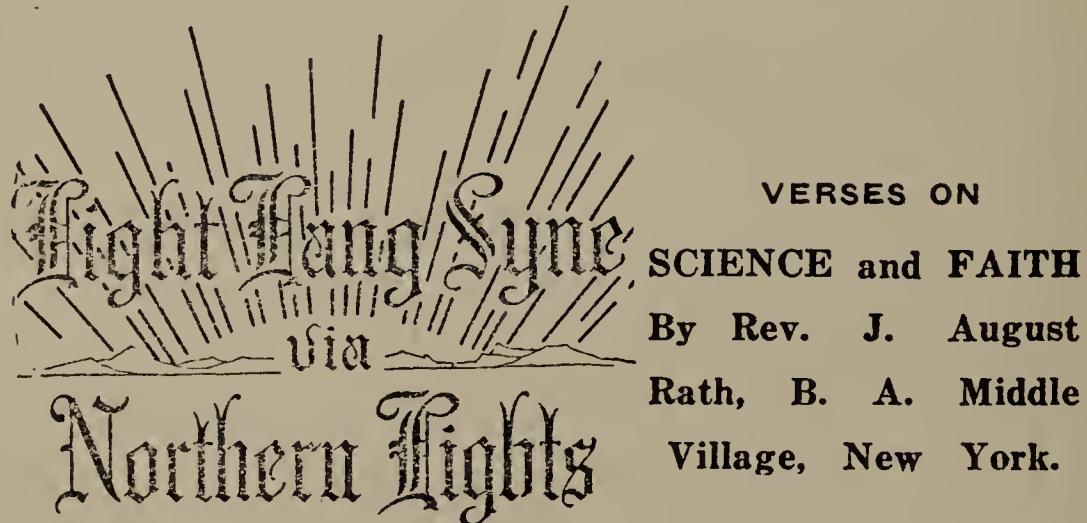
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